

BATMAN
No.33

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



**FEB...MAR...
TEN CENTS**

BATMAN



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ELEPHANT

WHO NEVER FORGETS
THAT THIS IS THE
TRADEMARK
OF COMICS' BEST BETS!



— ON THE COVER
OF **REAL
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COMICS**,
FOR EXAMPLE!
A NEW BEST
BET IN THE
DC GROUP,
IT CONTAINS A
FLOCK OF TOP
TRUE FEATURES.

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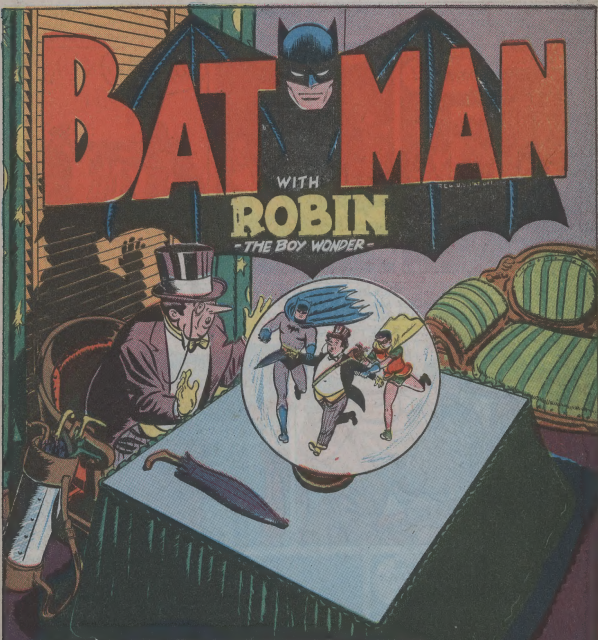


BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -



ONCE AGAIN THAT DROLL MAN OF A THOUSAND UMBRELLAS, THE **PENGUIN**, CALLS UPON NATURE'S WINGED CREATURES TO UNLEASH BIZARRE BIRD-BANDITRY IN GOTHAM CITY... AND SOARS TO NEW CRIMINAL HEIGHTS.

BUT ONCE THE **PENGUIN** OPENS UP AN UMBRELLA, IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS — **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**. — WHO FLIT THROUGH THE NIGHT TO KILL SEVERAL BIRDS WITH ONE STONE IN THE MYSTERY-ADVENTURE OF —

"CRIME ON THE WING!"

BOB
KANE



IF GOTHAM CITY ISN'T THE CRIMINALS' HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS, IT'S BECAUSE OF THE EXCEEDINGLY PERSISTENT...

BATMAN!



... PLUS THE EQUALLY ANNOYING...

ROBIN!



...THE SUM TOTAL ADDING UP TO ARRESTED CRIME...AND WE DO MEAN ARRESTED!

THEY'RE ALL YOURS!



WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE TROUBLED THOUGHTS OF MELANCHOLY MIKE, WILLIE THE WAG, AND RALPH THE ROOK.

I AIN'T HAPPY!

YEAH, MEL... IT'S GETTIN' SO A GUY CAN'T MAKE A DIS-HONEST LIVIN' NO MORE. HAW!



LOOK, ROOK, LET'S PULL THREE BIG JOBS AN' NET US ENOUGH DOUGH TO RETIRE!

OH, SURE, AN' WHAT'S BATMAN GOIN' TO BE DOIN'... PLAYIN' MUMBLY-PEG? HAW!

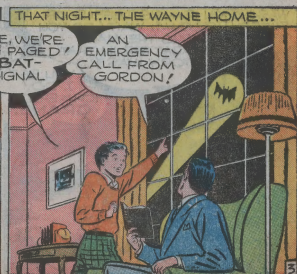
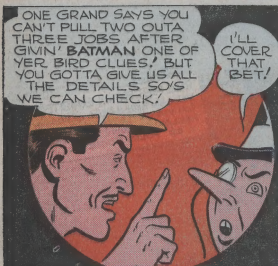
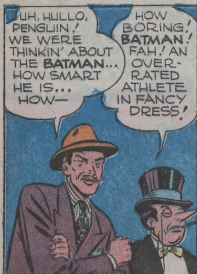


WILLIE'S RIGHT, WHAT WE NEED IS A SORT OF DECOY... SOME BIRD BATMAN WILL GO AFTER SO'S HE WON'T GO AFTER US--



AH, GREETINGS, GOONS...AND WHAT NEW CRIME HATCHES UNDER YOUR THATCHES?





PRESENTLY... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

HELLO, COMMISSIONER. WHY THE S.O.S.?

A MESSENGER BOY JUST HANDED ME THIS!



THAT'S A PICTURE OF A CRANE, BUT I DON'T GET THAT "SUPERSTITION" PART.

HMM... WE HAVE A BOOK AT HOME ABOUT BIRDS AND BIRD SUPERSTITIONS. LET'S GO THERE AND DO A LITTLE STUDYING.

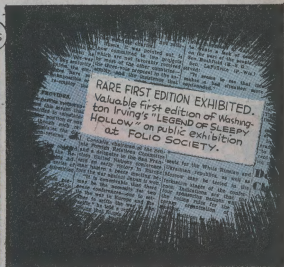


A Challenge, Batman. How good are you on superstitions? If you're clever, you'll cross my path tonight!
THE PENGUIN



HOME AGAIN...

IT SAYS HERE: "THE CRANE WAS IMMORTALIZED BY HOMER, THE POET, AS FOREBODING TROUBLE AND DISASTER." THAT'S A LEAD! NOW, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A CLUE TO THE PENGUIN'S JOB IN TONIGHT'S NEWSPAPER!



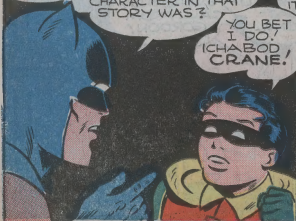
WASHINGTON IRVING'S "LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW". WAIT! DO YOU REMEMBER WHO THE MAIN CHARACTER IN THAT STORY WAS?

YOU BET I DO! ICHABOD CRANE!

AND SURE ENOUGH, IN THE FOLIO LIBRARY, SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

A MOST INTERESTING VOLUME. I MUST EXAMINE IT CLOSELY! DEAR ME... MY NOSE SEEMS TO GET IN THE WAY!

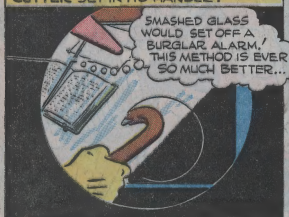
HEH, HEH!



WATCH THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA!



AND NOW THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA MOVES INNOCENTLY ON THE GLASS, BUT NOT SO INNOCENT IS THE INGENIOUS GLASS-CUTTER SET IN ITS HANDLE!



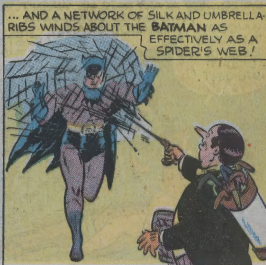
SMASHED GLASS WOULD SET OFF A BURGLAR ALARM! THIS METHOD IS EVER SO MUCH BETTER...



GREETINGS, SMALL, DARK AND LOATHSOME!



VERY CLEVER, BATMAN. NOW FIGURE THIS ONE OUT!

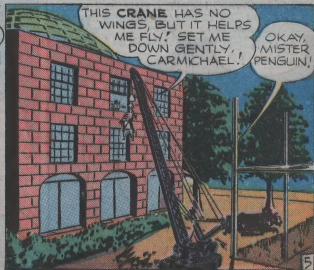


... AND A NETWORK OF SILK AND UMBRELLA- RIBS WINDS ABOUT THE BATMAN AS EFFECTIVELY AS A SPIDER'S WEB!



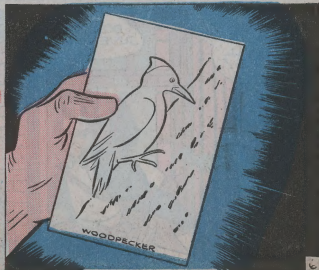
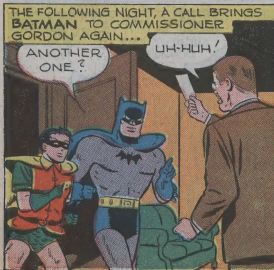
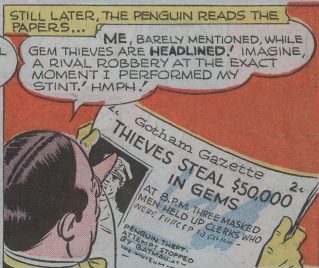
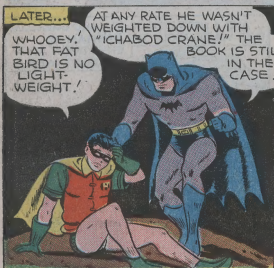
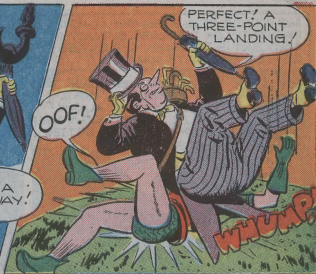
I'M STILL HERE, PUDGY! HEY! LOOK OUT! YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF!

DON'T BE JUVENILE!



THIS CRANE HAS NO WINGS, BUT IT HELPS ME FLY! SET ME DOWN GENTLY, CARMICHAEL!

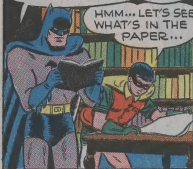
OKAY, MISTER PENGUIN!



ONCE MORE THE BIRD-BOOK IS CONSULTED...

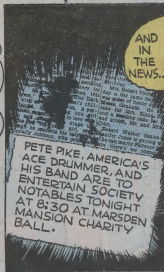
"ANCIENT ROMANS CALLED THE WOODPECKER 'PICUS,' THE THUNDERBIRD; BECAUSE OF THE DRUMMING SOUND, HIS BEAK MADE ON TREES."

HMM... LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE PAPER...



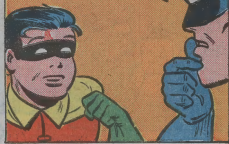
AND IN THE NEWS...

PETE PIKE, AMERICA'S ACE DRUMMER, AND HIS BAND ARE TO ENTERTAIN SOCIETY NOTABLES TONIGHT AT 8:30 AT MARSDEN MANSION CHARITY BALL.



PIKE...PICUS... AND HE'S A DRUMMER!

AND SOCIETY FOLK WILL BE RESPLENDENT IN JEWELS! THE PENGUIN WOULDN'T WANT A BETTER SET-UP!



BUT AS BATMAN AND ROBIN HEAD FOR MARSDEN MANSION THAT NIGHT...

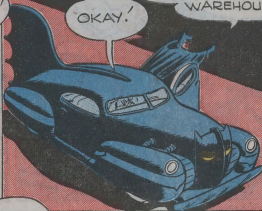
CALLING ALL CARS...THREE MEN SUSPICIOUSLY LOITERING NEAR ACME SILVER COMPANY WAREHOUSE... INVESTIGATE...

SAY, THAT'S RIGHT NEARBY! WE COULD BEAT THE POLICE CAR TO IT.



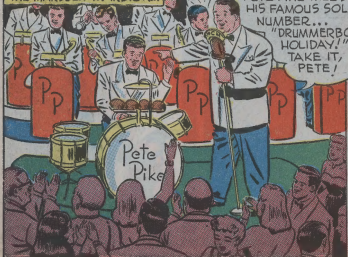
IT MAY BE THOSE THREE JEWEL ROBBERS! I'LL KEEP OUR DATE WITH THE PENGUIN! YOU TAKE THE WHEEL AND SCOOT OVER TO THAT WAREHOUSE!

OKAY!



THE MARSDEN MANSION...

AND NOW PETE PIKE WILL DO HIS FAMOUS SOLO NUMBER... "DRUMMERBOY HOLIDAY!" TAKE IT, PETE!



THE PENGUIN SEEMS TO BE LATE... PETER PIKE CERTAINLY CAN MAKE PLENTY OF NOISE WITH THAT DRUM. HMM...

BANG... RAFT-TAP... BOOM... RAT-TAP... BOOM...



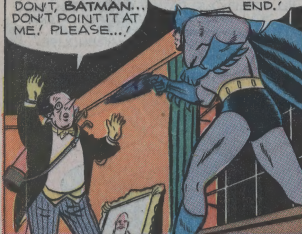
UPSTAIRS...IN THE MARSDEN LIBRARY...

BATMAN SURELY BELIEVES I INTEND TO ROB THE GUESTS BELOW. HA! IT'S THIS SAFE OF VALUABLES I'M AFTER! AS I EXPECTED, THAT LOUD DRUM SOLO BLANKETS THE SOUND OF MY HAMMER AND CHISEL!



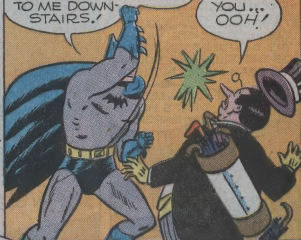
YOU SEEM WORRIED. LET'S SEE WHY... ONLY THIS TIME YOU'LL BE ON THE RECEIVING END.

OH, I DROPPED MY UMBRELLA! DON'T, BATMAN... DON'T POINT IT AT ME! PLEASE...!



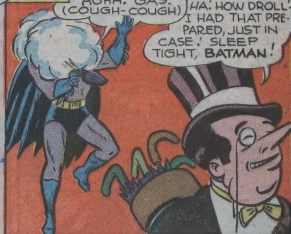
THAT VERY THOUGHT SUDDENLY OCCURRED TO ME DOWN-STAIRS.

YOU... OOH!



BATMAN AIMS... PRESSES A BUTTON... AND... FAGHH! GAS! (COUGH-COUGH)

HA! HOW DROLL! I HAD THAT PREPARED, JUST IN CASE! SLEEP TIGHT, BATMAN!



MEANWHILE, ROBIN HAS ARRIVED JUST AS THE BANDITS ARE LEAVING WITH THEIR LOOT...

BEST THING I CAN DO NOW IS TRAIL THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT.



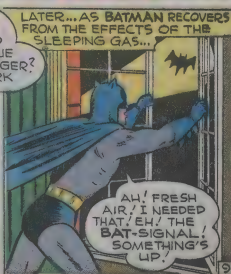
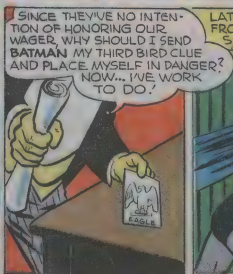
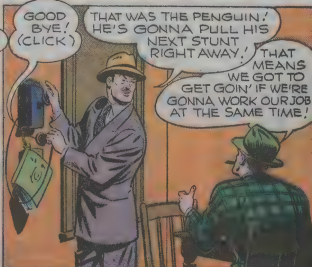
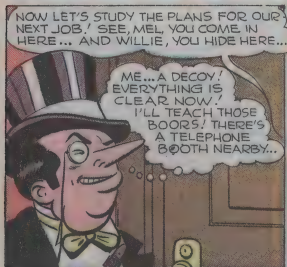
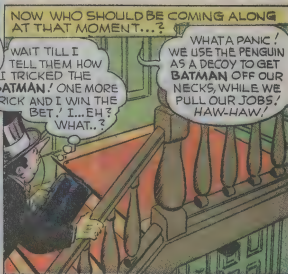
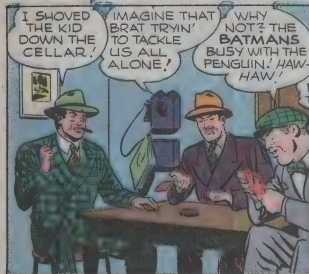
LATER...

INSIDE, EH? WELL... HERE GOES!



DON'T BE BASHFUL! COME ON IN!





BUT AT HEADQUARTERS...

NO! I DIDN'T SEND THE SIGNAL! IT'S NOT FROM THE SEARCHLIGHT ON OUR ROOF! IT'S FROM THAT BUILDING!

LET'S GET OVER THERE!

A CARD... FROM THE PENGUIN!
"RIDDLE: WHAT PEOPLE CALL THE BAT A LUCKY BIRD?"



BAT? DON'T TELL ME HE USED YOUR BAT-SIGNAL AS HIS NEXT JOB?

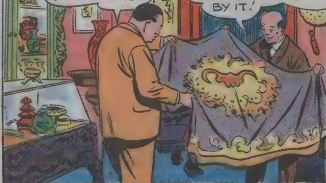
HE SURE DID! IF ROBIN CALLS, TELL HIM I'VE GONE TO CHINA-TOWN!



CHINATOWN... IN THE STORE OF A FAMOUS IMPORTER...

SO THIS IS FAMED LUCKY BIRD TAPESTRY SENT TO AMERICA FOR SAFEKEEPING?

YES! VERY VALUABLE! INSET WITH MANY PRECIOUS JEWELS! NEWSPAPER REPORTERS MUCH IMPRESSED BY IT!

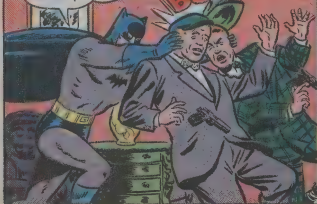


YEAH... WE WAS, TOO!



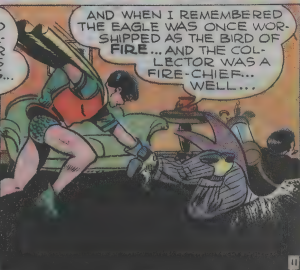
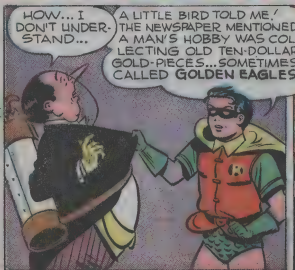
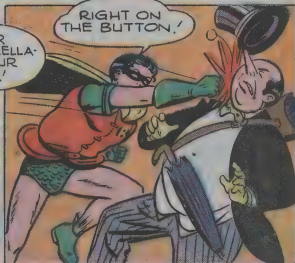
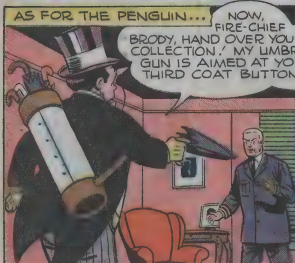
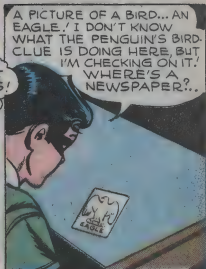
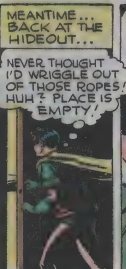
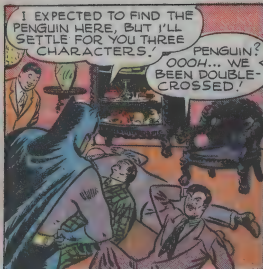
MELANCHOLY MIKE AND WILLIE THE WAG! YOU TWO STILL KNOCK AROUND TOGETHER, I SEE!

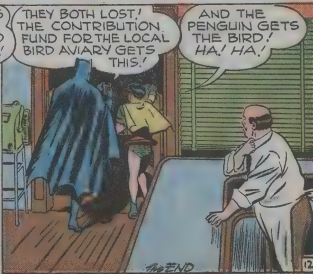
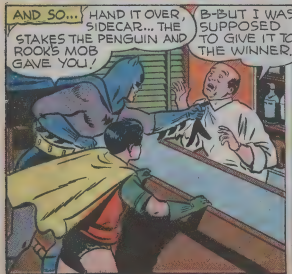
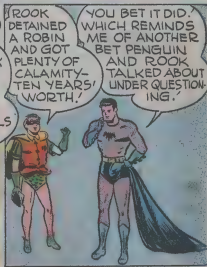
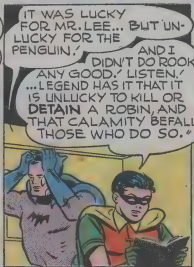
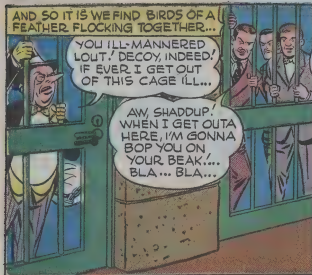
BONK!

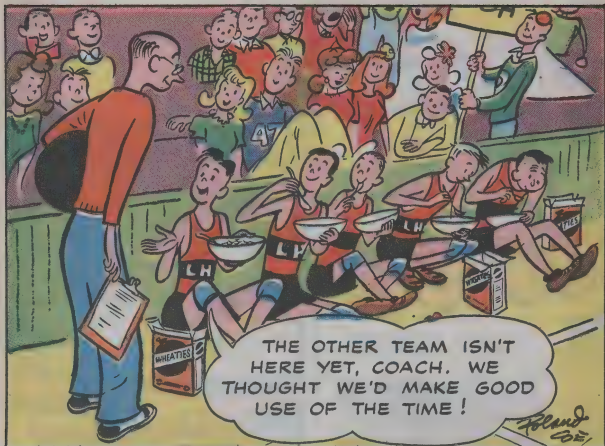


BOY-NING! END OF ROUND ONE!









LOTS OF GOOD TIME IN A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

THOSE GOOD-FOR-YOU WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES ARE CHUCK-FULL OF SATISFYING NOURISHMENT. JAM-PACKED WITH DELICIOUSLY GOOD EATING. ONCE THAT MALT-RICH, NUT-SWEET FLAVOR CONNECTS WITH YOUR APPETITE, YOU'RE A CINCH FOR DOUBLE-TIME WITH THE WHEATIES.

AND HERE'S A TIP. WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS," IS JUST AS SWELL-TASTING FOR LUNCH...OR SUPPER... OR SNACKS. YES, ANY TIME'S THE TIME FOR WHEATIES. SO MAKE GOOD USE OF THAT CHAMPION CEREAL DISH.

HAVE

'EM

EARLY

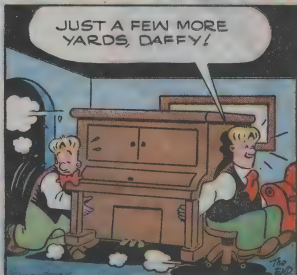
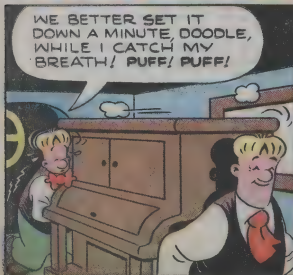
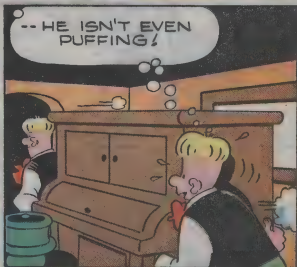
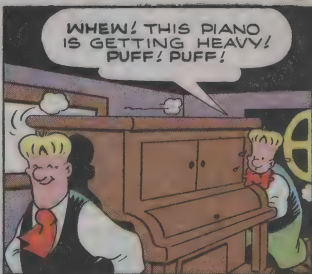
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OFTEN!



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DAFFEY DOODLE



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EXCITING!**

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BATMAN

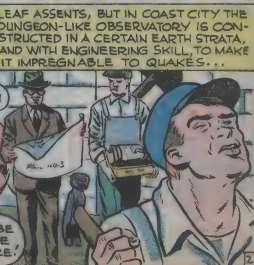
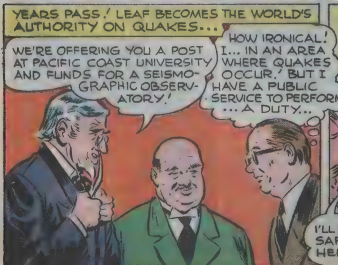
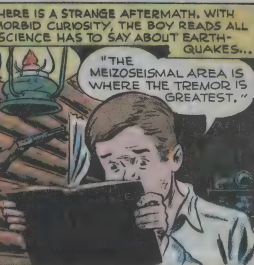
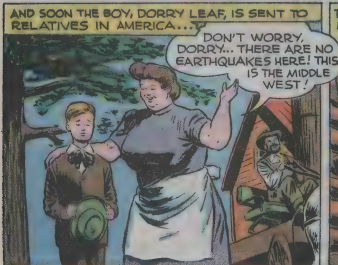
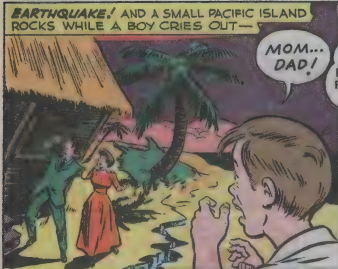
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

BOB
KANE



THE JACKAL LAUGHED—AND A CITY WAS DOOMED. THOUSANDS WOULD PERISH UNLESS THEY COULD BE WARNED IN TIME—AND THE ONLY ONES WHO KNEW WERE BATMAN AND ROBIN—AND THEY WERE HELPLESS! SO THE JACKAL LAUGHED—UNAWARE THAT A SMALL MACHINE THAT MADE LITTLE TRACKS OF INK ON PAPER COULD MEAN A PEOPLE'S SALVATION AND THE TERRIFYING END OF HIS JACKAL PACK, THAT BAND OF SCAVENGERS KNOWN AS—

'The LOOTERS!'





MEANTIME, AMERICA SAW THE RISE OF A NEW, ORGANIZED TYPE OF GANG—THE **LOOTERS**—A GROUP OF HUMAN SCAVENGERS WHO STRUCK WHEREVER THERE WAS CATASTROPHE! HURRICANES!

THE HURRICANE HIT THE RICH RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT. THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF LOOT!

RIGHT, JACKAL!

FLOODS!

THIS MISSISSIPPI FLOOD WAS MADE TO ORDER FOR US!

AND OFTEN THE LOOTERS WERE NOT AVERSE TO CREATING SOME NEW DISASTER—SUCH AS THIS TRAIN WRECK!

AS SOON AS THE SMOKE CLEARS, WE'LL SNATCH THE REGISTERED MAIL!

BOOM!

BUT ALWAYS DOGGING THEIR TWISTING TRAIL ARE TWO PATIENT MANHUNTERS—

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT. THAT MAN WE SPOTTED WAS THE JACKAL. GET SET FOR A POWER-DIVE, ROBIN!

ROGER!

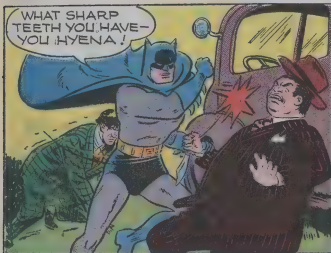
SET 'EM UP IN THE NEXT ALLEY.

ROBIN—AND BATMAN!

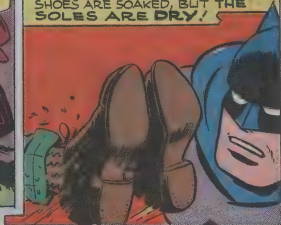
SETTING THE BATPLANE'S AUTOMATIC STABILIZER, BATMAN DROPS AMIDST THE HUMAN LOCUSTS.

OOOF!

SORRY—BUT I'LL HAVE TO DUNK YOU!



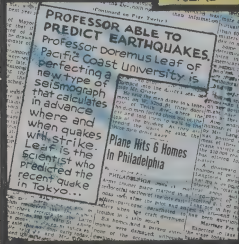
SUDDENLY, A PAIR OF FEET DRIVE AT BATMAN, AND IN THAT INSTANT HE NOTES THAT THE TOPS OF THE SHOES ARE SOAKED, BUT THE SOLES ARE DRY!



AND THE TREACHEROUS BLOW BLACK'S OUT THE BATMAN'S CONSCIOUSNESS...

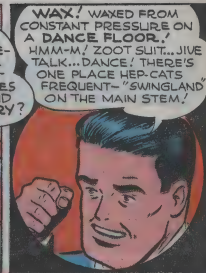
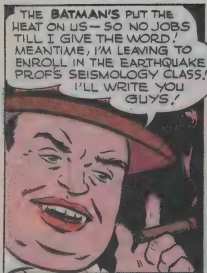


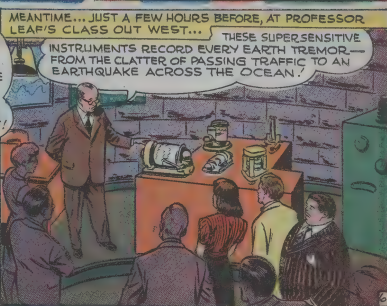
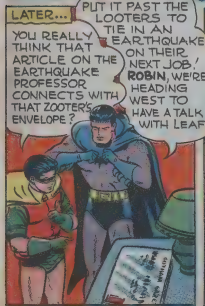
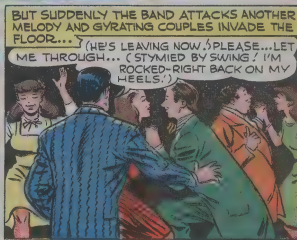
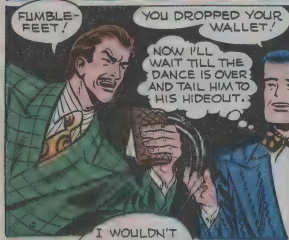
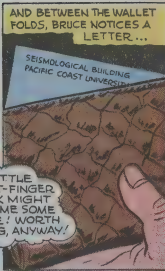
THAT NIGHT... A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE IS READ...



GET THIS! IF I COULD LEARN FROM THAT PROF IN WHAT CITY THE NEXT QUAKE IS DUE, I COULD STOP HIM FROM WARNING THE PUBLIC AND WE COULD CLEAN OUT THE TOWN!







HERE IS A TYPICAL SEISMOGRAPH RECORD. NOTE THE JAGGED LINES INDICATING AN EARTHQUAKE!

WHEN THE CLASS IS DISMISSED, THE JACKAL REMAINS BEHIND...

PROFESSOR... ARE YOU SURE YOUR PREDICTION OF TOKYO'S EARTHQUAKE WASN'T JUST A COINCIDENCE? COULD YOU PREDICT ANOTHER QUAKE?

I'M AFRAID... I CAN! ANOTHER MAY STRIKE - IN THIS CITY!

HERE! WHAT A BREAK! NOW TO SLUG THE PROF... THEN I'LL PHONE THE BOYS TO FLY OUT HERE FAST!

OH! THIS LATEST READING... DEAR ME... IT CONFIRMS MY SUSPICIONS! THAT QUAKE WILL STRIKE IN 14 HOURS!

I MUST WARN THE AUTHORITIES TO EMPTY THE CITY BEFORE... UH!

JUST DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, PALLY!

SO, BECAUSE OF THE JACKAL'S PHONE CALL AND THE ZOOTOER'S ENVELOPE

IT WON'T BE LONG, NOW!

LOOK... COMPANY!

DE BATPLANE! MAYBE HEADIN' FOR OUR TERRITORY! WE BETTER TIP OFF DE JACKAL!

SOMETIME LATER...

THERE'S THE SEISMIC OBSERVATORY! I HOPE LEAF HAS SOME INFORMATION FOR US.



WHICH ALSO EXPLAINS HOW BATMAN AND ROBIN WALK INTO AN AMBUSH!



DAZED, OUT ON THEIR FEET, THE DUO INSTINCTIVELY FIGHTS BACK...



THE CLIPPED THUG CAREENS OFF THE WORLD-RELIEF GLOBE, SPINNING IT—AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS KNOCK OUT ROBIN.



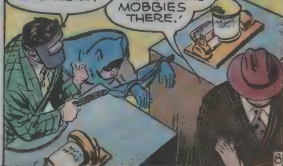
LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN DE PROF'S MACHINE SHOP, WE'LL WELD 'EM TO DE IRON BASES.

SWELL, WE'LL LET THE EARTH-QUAKE FINISH THEM OFF FOR US.



JACKAL, I'M GETTIN' A BURG TUIS BIG NOVIUS? I DON'T WANNA BE AROUN' WHEN DAT OIT'QUAKE HITS HERE!

RELAX! LOOTING A BURG TUIS BIG IS GOING TO TAKE PLENTY O' MEN. WE'LL LEAVE FOR ANOTHER CITY AND PICK UP SOME MOBBIES THERE.



LATER... IN A NEARBY CITY...

OKAY, WE WAIT HERE TILL THE QUAKE'S OVER, THEN PICK THE TOWN CLEAN! BUT WHAT ABOUT COPPERS?

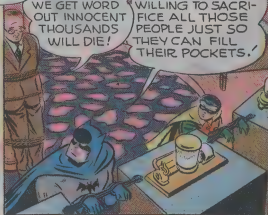
THAT QUAKE WILL INJURE A LOT OF PEOPLE! THERE'LL BE TOO MANY EMERGENCY CALLS FOR THEM TO BOTHER ABOUT US!



MEANTIME... THE NOW AWAKENED DUO LISTENS WITH GROWING HORROR...

... SO UNLESS WE GET WORD OUT INNOCENT THOUSANDS WILL DIE!

THOSE DIRTY RATS! WILLING TO SACRIFICE ALL THOSE PEOPLE JUST SO THEY CAN FILL THEIR POCKETS!



PROFESSOR, DOESN'T THIS UNIVERSITY SEISMOGRAPH ELECTRICALLY CONTROL A SIMILAR SEISMOGRAPH IN THE CITY OBSERVATORY?

YES, WE CONNECTED THEM FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES.

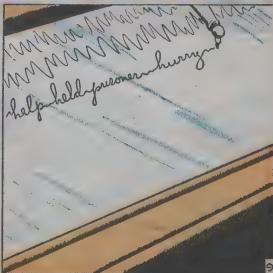
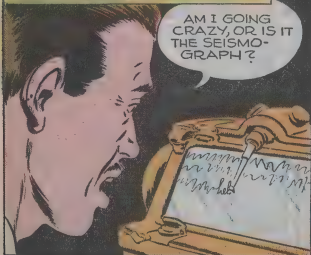


GOOD! NOW IF I CAN JUST REACH THE GRAPH-NEEDLE I CAN WRITE A FEW WORDS ON THIS CHART AND...



AND IN THE CITY OBSERVATORY...

AM I GOING CRAZY, OR IS IT THE SEISMOGRAPH?



LATER... AFTER BEING SAWED FREE...

CALL THE MAYOR... THE RADIO STATIONS! HURRY! THIS TOWN MUST BE EVACUATED WITHIN SIX HOURS.



EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT! AN EARTHQUAKE IS DUE TO STRIKE OUR CITY IN EXACTLY SIX HOURS! ALL RESIDENTS MUST EVACUATE!



"ALL BANKS ARE URGED TO REMOVE VALUABLES BY ARMORED TRUCKS! MUSEUMS ARE REQUESTED TO DO THE SAME..."



"ALL RESIDENTS ARE REQUESTED TO TAKE ONLY SUCH PERSONAL BELONGINGS AS THEY CAN CARRY!"



AND ON A HILLOCK THE EXODUS IS SEEN BY THE LOOTERS.

THEY BEEN WARNED! LOOK... ARMORED TRUCKS!

THERE WASN'T ENOUGH TRUCKS TO MOVE EVERYTHING! STILL PLENTY OF STUFF LEFT! THAT QUAKE ISN'T DUE FOR TWO HOURS-- SO WE'LL LOOT NOW AND SCRAM BEFORE THE ZERO HOUR!



BUT THE JACKAL'S STRATEGY HAS BEEN ANTICIPATED--FOR THROUGH THE DEAD CITY LOPE TWO FIGURES!



THERE THEY ARE! GET SET FOR A TUSSELE, ROBIN!

AND AT THAT INSTANT...

GOOD HEAVENS! THE READING IS CHANGING! A SUDDEN DISPLACEMENT IN EPICENTRE AREA! **THE QUAKE WILL STRIKE AT ANY MOMENT!** BATMAN AND ROBIN WILL BE KILLED!

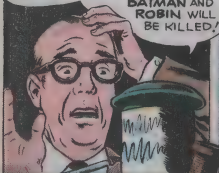
I MUST LEAVE TO WARN THEM! HEAVEN HELP ME... I'M AFRAID TO LEAVE ... I'M AFRAID!

SIMULTANEOUSLY—

UP AND AT 'EM, ROBIN!

WITH PLEASURE, BATMAN!

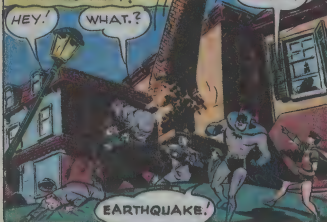
THE CHOPPERS... PLUG THEM WITH THE CHOPPERS!



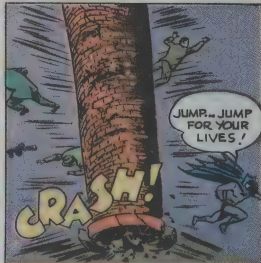
THEN IT HAPPENS! THE GROUND SHUDDERS CONVULSIVELY!

LOOK OUT! THAT SMOKE STACK!

HEY! WHAT?



EARTHQUAKE!



JUMP... JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!

CRASH!

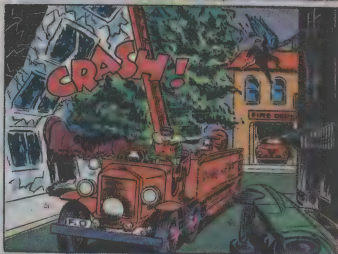
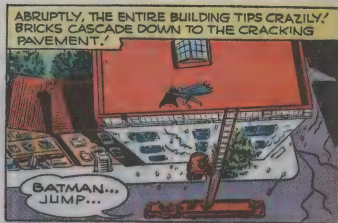
THE REALIZATION THAT MAN IS HELPLESS IN THE TERRIBLE GRIP OF NATURAL FORCES IS A HAMMER STRIKING PANIC INTO THE MINDS OF THE LOOTERS!



GOT TO GET OFF THE STREET... GO UP HIGH... THAT APARTMENT ELEVATOR... GET TO ROOF...

HEY... COME BACK!

ROBIN, HELP ME WITH THAT WATER-TOWER FIRE TRUCK! I WANT THE JACKAL ALIVE!



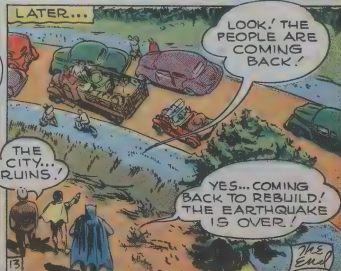
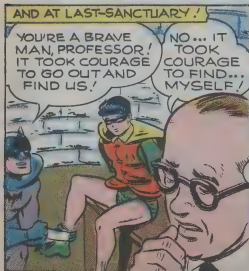
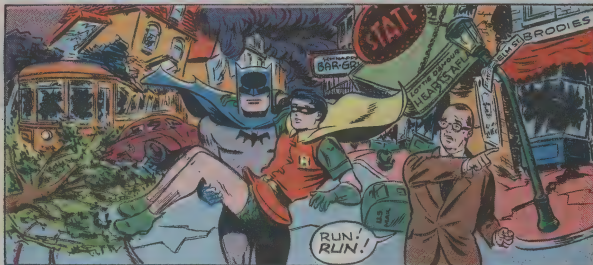
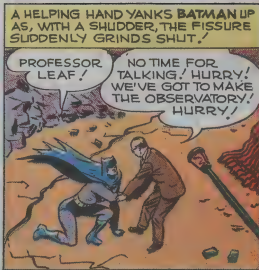
BUT AS BATMAN GAINS THE STREET, THE
LOOTERS MASS IN FEAR-MADDENED
PANIC.

SUDDENLY THE EARTH CREAKS
AND SPLITS! A YAWNING
FISSURE CRACKS OPEN UNDER-
FOOT!

KILL THE
BATMAN!

THE JACKAL GOT
US INTO THIS.
GET 'IM.





DOUBLE TROUBLE

by Blair Bolton

"THIS is one of the greatest ideas I ever had," Skip Barton said enthusiastically. "I tell you, Louie, it's the one shot in the arm the place needs."

Louie Potter looked at his press agent. There was suspicion in his eyes already. Skip was right about one thing. The Flamingo Club needed a shot in the arm. But everytime Skip came up with a brainstorm, something happened.

"You remember when you booked the dancing horses in here," Louie said warningly. "Remember what they did. Went wild when some drunk threw a bagful of oats around. It cost me plenty." He shook his head. "Besides, you know what Dan O'Connor said. One more bit of trouble with us, and he'll see the License Commissioner."

"That flatfoot, O'Connor," Skip said loftily. "He hasn't got enough brains to get himself pinched."

"But being a detective, he could pinch you."

"Not with my lawyer." Skip's eyes shone with excitement. "Louie, we don't even have to advertise. Word of mouth will do it. Just let it be known that Scarface Terrani comes into the Flamingo often and you'll have every tourist in town here. After all, that guy's a celebrity!"

"He's a gangster," Louie said doggedly. "And he might not

like your impersonating him."

Skip grinned. "I took care of that, too. He happens to be in Florida, and he'll stay there for a couple more months."

Louie sighed, resigned to Skip's tricks. "Okay, but it may be your funeral."

Skip shuddered. "Don't put it that way, Louie." Then he grinned. "Wait'll you see the business we do."

For once he was right. A week after he had been impersonating Scarface Terrani, reservations started to pour into the club. Louie watched admiringly every night as Skip went into his act. Yet, despite the tremendous business being done, he couldn't help feeling that somehow there was going to be trouble.

He didn't mention it to Skip anymore. That young man was way up in the clouds. He was coming into the club now, flanked by two out-of-work actors, who posed as bodyguards.

A murmur of excitement went through the crowd as they saw the entrance Skip made. He had cleverly painted a scar in his face, and padded out his clothes. It was almost impossible to tell Terrani and Skip apart, so well done was the disguise.

Louie shook his head. "He pulled a good one this time, but I'm still worried," he mur-

mured. Then he jumped as a familiar voice said:

"Since when has Terrani started coming in here. I thought he hated night clubs."

It was Detective Sergeant Dan O'Connor. He stood behind Louie, leaning against the wall, compact and trim in a neat blue suit. His blue eyes regarded Louie suspiciously.

Louie mopped his brow. He made a sudden decision. There was no use trying to kid O'Connor. He'd find out sooner or later.

"Come on into the office with me, Dan," he said. "I'd like to talk to you."

O'Connor heard him out. There was just a trace of a smile on his face as he learned of Skip's act. Then his eyes became serious. "Louie, the best thing that screwball Skip can do is go back to reporting. He was a good reporter. I never figured why he took up press-agenting."

"He had a fight with Mel James, the managing editor."

"I know. I also know James is willing to forgive and forget." O'Connor smiled. "He broke Skip into the business. I think the old man misses the kid."

Louie shrugged. "You know how stubborn Skip is, but I'll talk to him."

O'Connor got up. "You'd

better." He looked out the door. Skip was still sitting at the table, enjoying himself to the utmost. "I guess if Terrani doesn't object, it's okay, Louie. But I've got to tell you this. We got a tip Terrani isn't in Florida. He never went there. He's hot." Softly, he added, "As a matter of fact, we think he's afraid to come out of hiding right here in this city for fear of being bumped off!"

Louie sank back into the chair. "You don't think there will be any trouble, Dan." He wiped his perspiring forehead again. "I—I—wouldn't want anything to happen to the kid. I'd better see him now."

It didn't help. Louie noted however that Skip crowed when told about James. "So he wants me back, does he?" he said. "Can't get out as good a paper." He clapped Louie on the shoulder. "Well, it's tough on James, but I'm staying with you, Louie, old pal." He smiled. "What a business we're doing, eh, Louie." Then, loftily. "James probably thought I'd never be able to do anything other than newspaper work. This will show him."

Two more weeks passed, and business continued to boom at the Flamingo. Louie told himself, "I've got to hand it to Skip, he sure put the Flamingo across." He looked at his watch. It was almost time for Skip's nightly act. He walked out to the club.

Skip was just coming in.

Again, the crowd murmured approval. The tourists nudged each other, pointed him out. "That's the famous gangster. You know, the one who retired." Those and similar comments floated around the tastefully decorated night club.

At the door, the captain of waiters was just putting up the plush rope, signifying that there'd be a wait for tables. Louie, glancing over, saw Dan O'Connor slipping past.

The detective caught Louie's eye, motioned him to head for the office. Puzzled, Louie made haste to obey.

"What's the matter, Dan?"

O'Connor's eyes were hard. "Plenty, Louie," he said, "Terrani was bumped off two hours ago."

Louie felt his whole body going limp. "Who did it, Dan?"

"We don't know. We suspect they brought in a couple of hired killers." O'Connor shrugged. "But where they are now, or what they look like . . ."

He moved his hands expressively. "Well, that's all, Louie. You'd better make Skip stop this act. The news'll hit the street in the morning. I just thought you'd like to know."

"Thanks, Dan," Louie said. "I appreciate it. Wait, I'll walk out with you."

They went outside, just in time to see Skip getting up from the table, followed by the two phony bodyguards. O'Connor watched him speculatively. There was no question about

it. The kid was putting on quite a show.

The procession moved past the crowded tables, the cynosure of all eyes. Dan O'Connor threaded his way toward the door.

Then he stopped. Two strangers had just come in. He could tell they were strangers the way one of them grabbed the other's arm. "It's Terrani! We missed him!"

"We won't now." Like a flash the other man had a gun out.

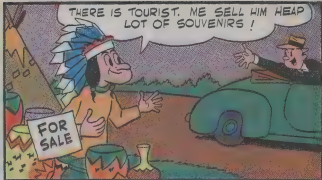
But he wasn't as quick as O'Connor, whose gun spoke twice. Both men fell down, their shoulders shattered.

Pandemonium broke loose in the club. "Tell the band to keep playing," O'Connor yelled to the startled Louie.

Louie managed to quiet the crowd. O'Connor had handcuffs on his prisoners. Skip came out from the table, rushed over. "What . . . what happened, O'Connor," he gasped. "These guys were going to kill me."

"They would have," O'Connor said. "They killed the real Terrani a couple of hours ago." He yanked the men to their feet. "Get moving," he said. "The Doc at headquarters will fix you two birds up." He turned to Skip. "I'll want you for a witness. Hey, where you going?"

"I've got to phone James," Skip yelled over his shoulder. "I'm going back to the newspaper business."



Advertisement





KAFLOPPROS



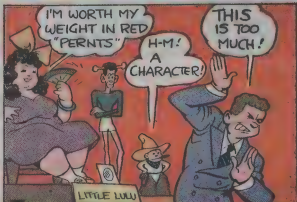
WHURLY COULDN'T STAND ODDITIES-- AT THE ZOO, HIS WACKY RATING ON THE "BECAUSE" METER READ A THOUSAND PLUS -



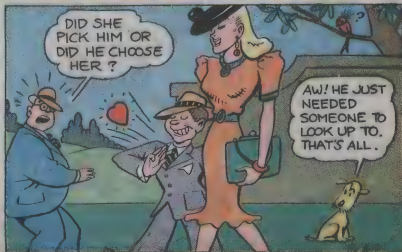
WHEN HE SAW THE LEANING TOWER, IT THREW HIM FOR A ROW OF JITTERY REFLEXES TOO NUMEROUS TO UNTANGLE -

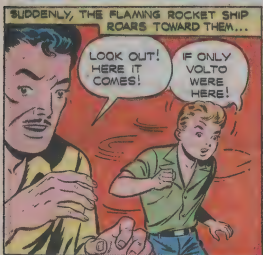
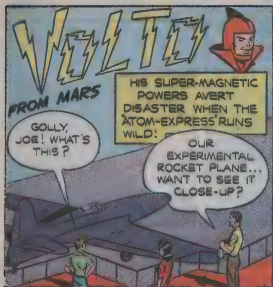


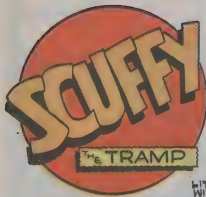
HHE WAS UNHAPPY UNLESS EVERYTHING MATCHED, EVEN STEVEN -



THE FREAK SHOW HELPED TO BREAK HIS WAGON DOWN AND IT TOOK HIM MONTHS TO RECOVER -







WIT. WIN

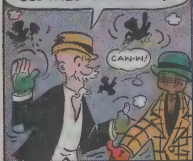
THESE CLOTHES OF MINE ARE FALLING OFF MY BACK -- I'VE GOT TO GET A NEW SUIT!



HMM, THAT SCARECROW IS BETTER DRESSED THAN I AM!



SHOO, CROWS! SCAT! I'LL JUST EXCHANGE CLOTHES WITH IT!



SHOO! SCAT! BEAT IT, YOU BLACK BUZZARDS!



Advertisement

LATER...

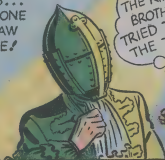
OH, WELL, I GUESS A MAN CAN GET USED TO ANYTHING IN TIME!



HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS THE IDENTITY OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK! HE WAS A PRISONER IN FRANCE FOR 22 YEARS, TREATED LIKE ROYALTY BY HIS JAILERS... BUT NO ONE EVER SAW HIS FACE!

MAYBE HE'S THE KING'S HALF-BROTHER WHO TRIED TO CLAIM THE THRONE!



EVERYONE KNOWS THAT FOR RELIEVING COUGHS DUE TO COLDS THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SOOTHING, DELICIOUS SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS. THEY TASTE JUST LIKE CANDY!

AND MOTHER SAYS TO BE SURE AND ASK FOR **SMITH BROTHERS**, NOT JUST COUGH DROPS.



SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢



TRADE

MARK

BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

BOB
KANE



WHO SAYS THERE ISN'T A SANTA CLAUS? ... WELL, THREE BITTER OLD MEN SAY IT IN THE BEGINNING OF THIS AMAZING STORY... AND THREE GREEDY YOUNGER MEN ECHO IT EVEN AS THEY SALLY FORTH WITH MURDER IN THEIR HEARTS! ... BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE THE REAL SAY ON THIS IMPORTANT SUBJECT-WITH THUNDERING FISTS AND LIGHTNING ACTION WHEN CUNNING CONSPIRATORS CALLOUSLY INTERFERE IN...

'The Search FOR Santa Claus'



IT IS CHRISTMAS EVE—AND **BATMAN AND ROBIN** EMBARK ON A MANHUNT—WITH A DIFFERENCE!

YOU'RE SURE GOING TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO MAKE THOSE THREE CHRISTMAS PARTIES A SUCCESS, **BATMAN**!

TROUBLE! WHY, **ROBIN**, I'LL HAVE MORE FUN THAN THE KIDS THEMSELVES!

FARTHER ALONG THE STREET, **MRS. MILLIGAN** TRIES TO CHEER UP THREE WOEBEGONE BOARDERS...

ARE YE GOIN' OUT FOR LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS SHOPPIN', ME THREE YOUNG SCALAWAGS?

AS IF WE HAD ANYONE TO SHOP FOR!

OR ANYONE TO SHOP FOR US!

SURE, AN' IT'S SORRY FOR THE POOR OLD SOULS I AM! BUT WHO KNOWS—MAYHAP A MIRACLE WILL CHANGE THINGS!

IT'S MY FIRST CHRISTMAS OUT-OF PRISON IN 25 YEARS! AND MY WIFE DIED BEFORE THEY LEARNED I WAS INNOCENT OF MURDER. I WISH I'D DIED, TOO!

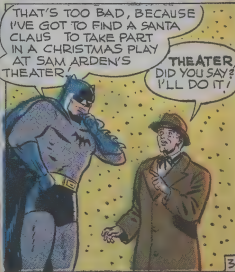
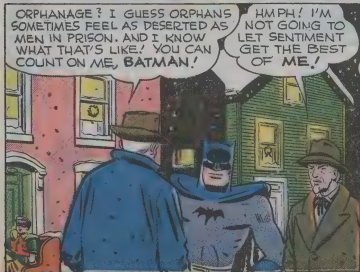
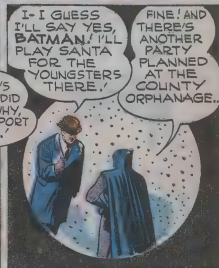
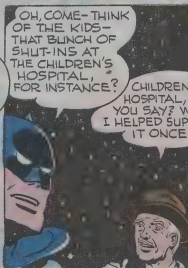
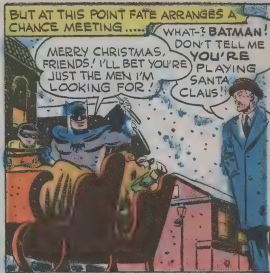
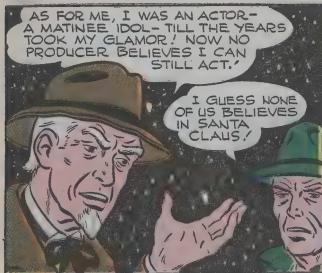
ALL THE USUAL CHRISTMAS DISPLAYS—BUT THEY CAN'T MAKE ME FEEL MERRY!

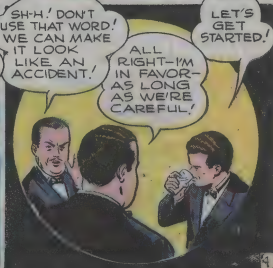
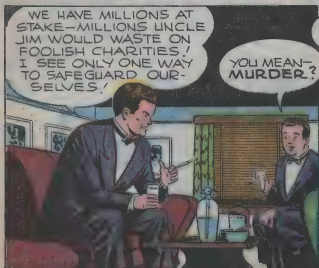
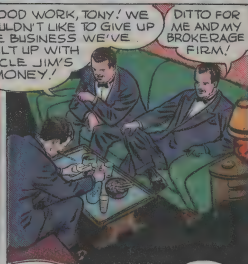
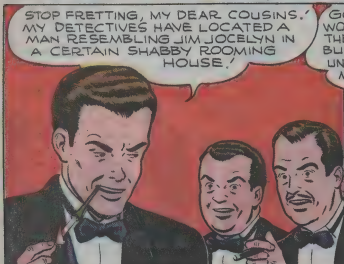
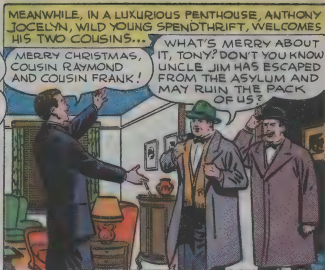
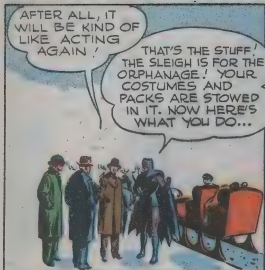
STATIONERY & GIFT SHOP

I, TOO, WAS LOCKED UP—IN AN INSANE ASYLUM! MY GREEDY NEPHEWS HAD ME PUT AWAY TO GET MY FORTUNE! I ESCAPED ONLY RECENTLY!

BUT YOU'RE NOT CRAZY, JIM! YOU CAN PROVE IT!

I INTEND TO PROVE IT! BUT UNTIL MY PLANS ARE MADE, I'LL STAY IN HIDING—FOR FEAR THEY'LL CATCH ME AND SEND ME BACK! MERRY CHRISTMAS—**BAH!**





AN HOUR LATER...

AN OLD GENTLEMAN?
I'VE THREE OF 'EM IN MY
HOUSE- BUT THEY'RE ALL
PLAYIN' SANTA
CLAUS FOR THE KIDDIES
TONIGHT!

PERHAPS,
DEAR LADY,
YOU COULD

PERHAPS,
DEAR LADY,
YOU COULD
TELL US WHERE
THE ONE CALLED
JIM IS DOING HIS
PLAYING ?

THEY WERE GOIN' TO
THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL,
THE ORPHANAGE AN'
MR. ARDEN'S THEATER—
BUT, BLESS ME, I
DON'T KNOW
WHICH WENT
WHERE!

HMM...
THANK YOU,
MY GOOD
WOMAN!

LET'S
NOT WASTE
ANY TIME

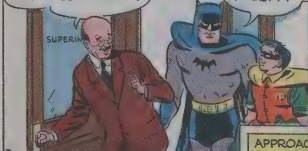
THAT MEANS
WE GO TO ALL
THREE PLACES!
WE MUST BE
THOROUGH-
AND RUTHLESS!



KNOWING NOTHING OF GRIM EVENTS TO COME,
BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE ALREADY
ARRIVED AT THE ORPHANAGE...

IF YOU'LL PLEASE
STEP THIS WAY, I'LL
SHOW YOU THE
PROGRAM WE
HAVE ARRANGED.

REMEMBER, ROBIN AND I ARE ONLY INCIDENTAL VISITORS. IT'S SANTA WHO IS TO BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.



WHILE IN AN ASSEMBLY ROOM, SCORES OF
EAGER EYES WATCH THROUGH WINDOWS
FOR —

SANTA! LOOK—
THERE HE IS!

GOLLY-SLEIGH,
REINDEER, AN'
EVERYTHING!

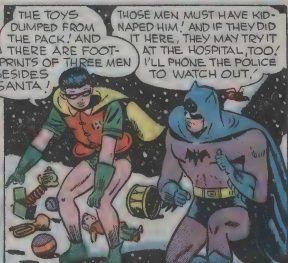
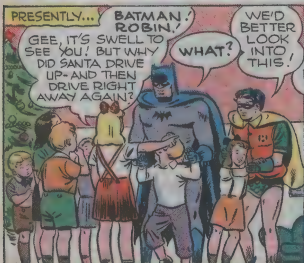
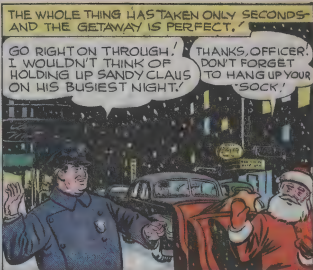
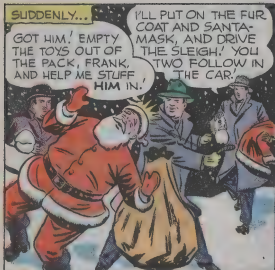


APPROACHING THE STEPS, SANTA DOES NOT SEE DIM FIGURES CROUCHED IN THE SHADOW OF THE PORCH.

FUNNY HOW I SEEM TO ENJOY
DOING THIS—TILL I REMEMBER
HOW MY LIFE WAS
WASTED THROUGH
NO FAULT OF
MY OWN!

IT'LL BE NICE, SEEING THE CHILDREN'S EYES SPARKLE WHEN I PASS OUT THE PRESENTS BATMAN BOUGHT.







OUTSIDE, AT THE GATES, POLICE WATCH FOR SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING VISITORS- BUT DO NOT SUSPECT THIS ONE!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, OFFICERS! MAY I AND MY TWO HELPERS BACK THERE GO TO THE PARTY?

MERRY CHRISTMAS, SANTA! YOU'RE THE ONE PERSON WE WON'T WORRY ABOUT TONIGHT!

COULD YOU STEP OUTSIDE A MOMENT, SANTA? SOMEONE WANTS TO SEE YOU!

THANK YOU, NURSE! IT'S PROBABLY BATMAN AND ROBIN!

NEXT MOMENT, IN THE DESERTED CORRIDOR..

A PRESENT FOR YOU, SANTA!

HE'S IN THE BAG- PRACTICALLY!

SUDDENLY...

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

GREAT SCOTT- BATMAN AND ROBIN!

ONE MORE STEP AND YOU DIE - NOT TO MENTION MY FELLOW SANTA CLAUS- AND MAYBE SOME OF THE YOUNGSTERS IN THERE!

EASY, ROBIN! I'M AFRAID THE RATS MEAN WHAT THEY SAY!

FOR THE SAKE OF THE SICK CHILDREN AND THE OLD MAN, THE DUO SURRENDERS- AND IN A VACANT ROOM...

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE- BUT I'LL FIND OUT IF IT TAKES ME ALL THE CHRISTMASSES OF MY LIFE.

THIS'LL KEEP YOU BOTH OUT OF ACTION TILL WE'RE THROUGH!

AT THIS TIME, THE CURTAIN CLOSES ON THE FIRST ACT OF A PLAY, "THE SAGA OF SANTA CLAUS," IN THE PRIVATE THEATER OF PRODUCER SAM ARDEN...

IS IT TRUE, SANTA, THAT SOME CHILDREN IN THE WORLD DON'T BELIEVE IN YOU?

SOME OF THEM PRETEND NOT TO, MARY—BUT DEEP IN THEIR HEARTS NEARLY ALL OF THEM BELIEVE! IF THEY DIDN'T, I'D SIMPLY VANISH FROM THE EARTH.

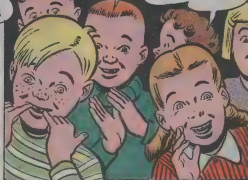


AND AN AUDIENCE OF SLIM CHILDREN APPROVE HEARTILY!

WHEEEE!

HOORAY FOR SANTA!

I WISH MY BIG BRUDDER WAS HERE! HE SAYS DEY AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!



AND NOW—AN UNSCHEDULED BIT OF DRAMA!

WE'LL RUN THIS SHOW FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES!

WHAT!



PRODUCER ARDEN CONGRATULATES HIS UNKNOWN STAR...

YOU'RE DOING A NICE JOB, SANTA! ONE WOULD ALMOST THINK YOU'D HAD EXPERIENCE ON THE STAGE!

YOU DON'T SAY!



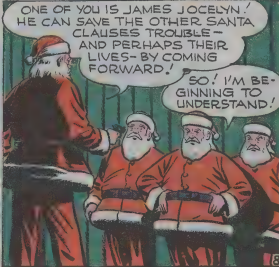
I'M SURE YOU'LL COOPERATE—RATHER THAN HAVE US FIRE THROUGH THE CURTAIN INTO YOUR JUVENILE AUDIENCE!

BUT—THIS IS INCREDIBLE!



ONE OF YOU IS JAMES JOCELYN! HE CAN SAVE THE OTHER SANTA CLAUSES TROUBLE—AND PERHAPS THEIR LIVES—BY COMING FORWARD!

SO! I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND!



AND HERE, GENTLE READER, WE ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS AN AMAZING EXHIBITION OF HUMAN NATURE AT ITS BEST!

JIM'S CROOKED RELATIVES WHO FRAMED THAT CHARGE OF INSANITY! THEY MUSTN'T LEARN THE TRUTH!

IF ANYONE DIES, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME! MY TIME IS NEARLY UP, ANYWAY!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS!



YOU'VE GOT ME!

I'M JAMES JOCELYN!

HERE I AM, YOU VULTURES!

WELL, OF ALL THINGS—!

HO, HO, HO, HO! YOU'D THINK THEY WERE CRAZY, INSTEAD OF ME— THINKING THEY'RE JIM JOCELYN!

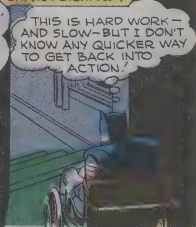
IT SOUNDS LIKE HIM!

THEY SHOULD GO TO THE ASYLUM WHERE I WAS! IF THEY AREN'T MAD ALREADY, THEY'LL GO MAD IN THAT PLACE! HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE ENDED OUR SEARCH FOR THE LOST LUNATIC!

LET US NOW RETURN TO THE HOSPITAL. BATMAN HAS FOUND THAT BY THROWING HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE BANDAGES, HE CAN INCH THE WHEEL CHAIR FORWARD!

THIS IS HARD WORK— AND SLOW— BUT I DON'T KNOW ANY QUICKER WAY TO GET BACK INTO ACTION!



INVALID CHILDREN ARE TREATED TO A REAL THRILL!

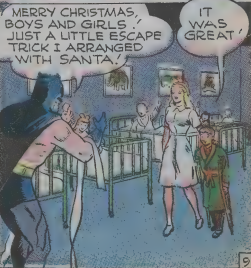
OH-H-H!

GEE— IT'S BATMAN!

OH, BOY— THIS IS EXCITIN'!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOYS AND GIRLS! JUST A LITTLE ESCAPE TRICK I ARRANGED WITH SANTA!

IT WAS GREAT!



ROBIN IS FREED FROM HIS BONDS... AND, BIDDING A HASTY FAREWELL TO THE HOSPITAL INMATES, THE DYNAMIC DUO STREAKS FOR THE PRIVATE THEATER.

THE CROOKS GOT HERE FIRST. THEY MUST STILL BE INSIDE!

RIGHT! AND TO KEEP THEM FROM PULLING THE SAME ROTTEN STUNT THEY DID LAST TIME, WE'LL MAKE A SURPRISE ENTRANCE!

ON THE STAGE...

HO, HO, HO! THE KEEPERS WILL BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME BACK!

YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK, SANTA CLAUS! WE'RE TAKING CARE OF YOU FOR GOOD!

THE CURTAINS SWING BACK- AND THE WIDE-EYED AUDIENCE GETS A TREAT!

ABRUPTLY...

HOW'S THIS FOR A CURTAIN-RAISING ACT?

HUH?...

BATMAN!

FOR A MINUTE I WAS AFRAID I WAS GOING TO MISS MY CUE!

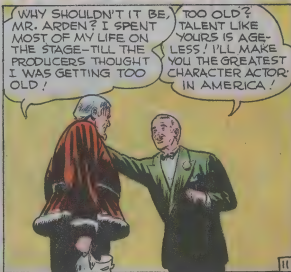
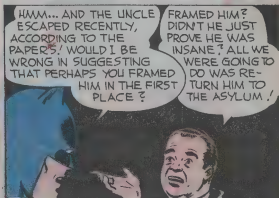
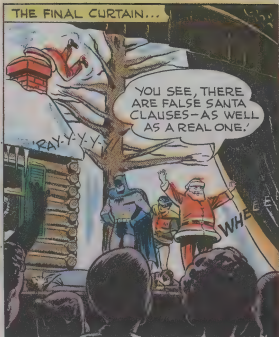
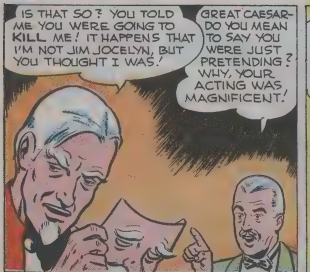
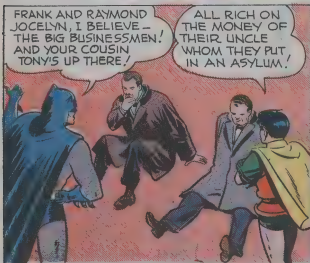
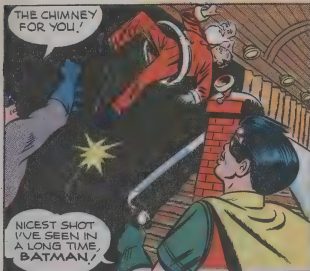
THANKS, FELLA! I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOMETIME!

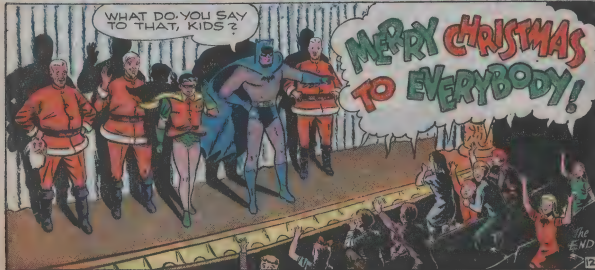
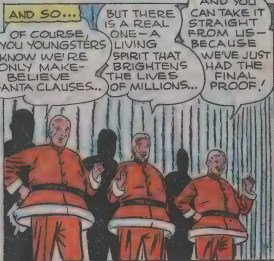
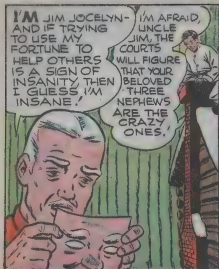
WOW! WHAT A SHOW!

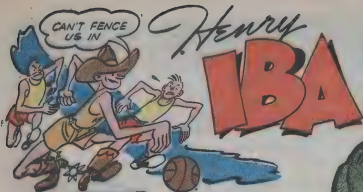
GEE - FOUR SANTA CLAUSES - AND BATMAN - AND ROBIN!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, RUNNING OFFSTAGE BEFORE THE ACT IS OVER?

SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S GOING TO BE OVER IN ONE SECOND-FORME!







Henry IBA

HIS OKLAHOMA AGGIES WERE BASKETBALL'S BEST IN 1944-45

IBA'S 1944-45 "COWBOY" FIVE WON THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSN CHAMPIONSHIP, THEN DEFEATED THE NATIONAL INVITATIONAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT WINNER, DE PAUL, FOR OVER-ALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NATION



ALTHOUGH THEY'RE INTERSECTIONAL FAVORITES, THE AGGIES LIKE HOME BEST. GAVE IBA A HOME-GAME WINNING STREAK OF 47 GAMES



I'LL SOON BE IN THE 400

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"IT'S WHEATIES KEEN FLAVOR THAT HAS ME REACHING FOR THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES PLENTY OFTEN," SAYS CHAMPION COACH IBA. "GOOD NOURISHMENT AND WINNING FLAVOR MAKES A COMBINATION THAT'S HARD TO BEAT. I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT'S TRUE WHEN YOU TRY WHEATIES"

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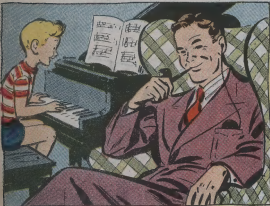
Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

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